"Phil, dear old fellow, how glad I ap

"And I to see you, Bertie!"

The two brothers clasped hands in that strenuous grasp which, with Anglo-Saxon men, expresses so much, and gazed into each other's faces with eyes that were lightly mixture. cach other's faces with eyes that were slightly misted. Five years had passed since they last saw each other, and many are the changes which can be wrought during that length of time on human faces, as well as in human lives. Colonel Philip Thurston, of the Egyptian army, had grown many shades darker, and somewhat older in appearance, since, like Childe Harold, he hade his native land good-night, and sailed away to the climes of the sun; while Bertie Egerton, land good-night, and sailed away to the climes of the sun; while Bertie Egerten, whom he left a gay stripling, with the world all before him—a world ready chough to show its most attractive side to one so sunny in nature, so charming in manner, so liberative endowed with the good things of forune—had undergone a good things of forune—had undergone a despace change. The bright how whom good things of fortage—and undergone a deeper change. The bright boy whom Thurston well remembered, had vanished forever, and left in his place a man with a somewhat worn and almost reckless expression on his handsome face, when the light of cord al gladness died out of it.

Of this change, Thurston, however, was too wise to speak. The brothers had met on the deck of an ocean-steamer, and there were a hundred things to say—questions to ask and answer—while they entered a carriage and were driven to Egypton's hotel. It was not until after Egerton's hotel. It was not until after dinner that anything like confidential conversation took place. Then, as they were smoking together, with the summer were smoking together, with the summer twilight dying away over the city toofs and spires. Egerton said, in a studiedly careless voice: "If you had delayed your coming a little longer, Phil, you would not have found me on this side of the Atlantic. I had made all my arrangements to go abroad when I received your letter." 'Indeed!" said Thurston, "Where

did you think of going?"
"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, indifferently. "To Europe for the summer, I suppose. In the autumn I meant to turn eastward, and pay you a visit. Egypt must be a pleasant country to live in, I think. If I pitched my tent there we might have a comfortable time-you could drill, and march, and countermarch, to your heart's content, while I reclined under a palm-tree, or floated on the Nile."

"So that is your idea of life in Egypt, "So that is your idea of life in Egypt, is it?" said Thurston, with a laugh. "It is a good enough country for me—a soldier by nature and profession, with no fortune beside my sword—but it would not suit you. The novelty of everything might amuse you for a time, but I should be sorry for you to think of pitching your tent there permanently."

tent there permanently."
"As well there as anywhere else," said "As well there as anywhere else," said Egerton, with a shadow of gloom falling over his face. "Novelty is what I want. I am tired to death of the life I know—I might forget myself, perhaps, in one that I didn't know. I have felt lately as if I should like to escape from the tumult and fret of modern civilization, to the ancient and unchangeable East."

Thurston took his civar from his line.

Thurston took his cigar from his lips, and knocked the feathery ashes off against the ledge of the open window by which they sat, before he said:

which they sat, before he said:

"There is not a great deal of the unchangeable East to be found in Egypt
now—unless you go to Thebes, which is
not at the present time a cheerful place of residence, whatever it may have been three thousand years ago. Cairo, under the new regime, has quite as much 'tumult and fret' in it as any city of Europe that the light this district of the control of the contro rope. But this disgust of modern civili-zation is altogether new with you —what has caused it?" "Satisty, I suppose," Egerton raplied,

"Satiety, I suppose," Egerton replied, looking at the young moon as it hung, a golden boat, in the pearly sky. "I believe there is no doubt but that if a man were restricted to a diet of ortolans and were restricted to a diet of ortolans and were restricted to a diet of them after "Not one of whom I care to meet," champagne, he would tire of them after a while. For five years I have run through every form of social dissipation, and been sufficiently courted and amused.

"Not one of whom I care to meet," said Thurston. "Apart from my desire to see you. I have chiefly come to America to recruit my health—which is the frivolity that has made the sum of my life! I am sick of dancing and flirting, of clubs and drawing rooms. If i de not go away and turn idler or savage for a time, I think I shall blow out my

He had forgotten himself, and in the last sentence there was so much passionate carnestness—on the outlines of the handsome face such a deepening recklessness—that Thurston was fairly startled. Yet what could he say? The malady was plain enough, but it must needs be a skillful physician who can minister to a skillful physician who can minister to a mind or spirit deceased. So, for a minute, there was silence. Carriages were rolling below, pedestrians passing, lamps gleaming through the deepening dusk; a child's laugh floated up together with a red halloon; some distance down the street a band of musicians were playing. On this medley of sound Thurston's voice broke.

broke.

"If the necessity for change of scene is so urgent," he said, with a tolerably successful attempt at lightness of tone, "you must not let me detain you in America. So long as I am with you, it does not matter where my furlough is speat. After I have transacted a little necessary business, I am ready to accompany you to Paris or Stamboul."

to Paris or Stamboul."

"Nay, I am not quite so scissi a dog as that," said Egerton, with a smile—but Thurston noticed that his lip trembled under the silky-brown mustache. "It ought to be enough for me to be with you," he went on, "without dragging you over the ocean again, when you have just mad a long journey to see your home and your friends, You'll be patient with me, I know. I'm not quite myself in all respects, but with regard to you"—and his hand fell on his brother's shoulder—"I have not changed one iota."

"I have not changed one iota."
"Do you think I doubt that?" asked Taurston. "Do you think I could doubt it under any circumstances? We have not been like ordinary brothers, Bertie, at any period of our lives—you know that as well as I do. Thank God, no bit terness has ever come between us—nor ever will, I think! Of course, I saw, as soon as I looked at your face, that some change had passed over you; but you must understand that I do not ask the cause of it. Go er stay, speak or be silent, without fear of misconception from as "

rton pushed back his chair abrupt

Begrton pushed back his chair abruptive and rose.

"God bless you, Phil!" he said, huskily—and walked carry faib the dashe dimenses of the unlighted room. Thursten did not follow him, and more than a minute passed in silence, broken out by the noises from the street. Egerion paced once or twice the length of the apartment; then, without returning, he apartment; then, without returning, he said: "If I hastiste to tall you the reason of the change which you find in me, it is only because a man naturally distikes to broad hisself at a feel. Yet were must hear it among as later—from others if not from me—and the story is sample and constron-place enough. For know that have always had a very ausceptible dispusition with regard to women. I have falses in and out of love decens of times, and a year age I should, for that very reason, have estemed myself the lamb lives. In face, I was accustoned to any that no women had accurate a deep impression upon me, and I did not believe that any ever would."

"You cope wrote me something equivalent to the false, and I did not believe that any ever would."

any other reason; I remember you said, or other reason desperate love, I cannot imagine why a man should suffer the oss of one woman to come like a shadow between him and the sun, when there are inultitudes on every side as fair, as wise, as witty, as she. There is no such thing

as witty, as she. There is no such thing as nongared excellence. Thank Heaven, the world is a "rose bud garden of girls," and he is a fool who, losing one rose-bud, does not pluck another!"

"Ah!" said Egerton, "it was f who was a fool to talk so lightly of things beyond my comprehension! "He jests at scars who never felt a wound"—but I have been wounded since then. The shadow of one woman has indeed come between me and the sun, and I would not tell you, if I could, what darkness has fallen over my life. I met Agatha Loring more if I could, what darkness has fallen over a my life. I met Agatha Loring more than a year ago, and from the first moment I saw her I loved her. Do you know what the word means, Phil? Very likely not. I never knew what it meant until I met her: but, compared to what I felt for her, every feeling that I had ever known for any other woman was like water unto wine ten times told. I was warned from the first that she was a cruel warned from the first that she was a cruel coquette, and would throw a man's heart away like a useless toy when she was done with it; but such warnings were less to me than the idlest wind. To be

less to me than the idlest wind. To be with her was sufficient; to hear her voice, to touch her hand, to look into her eyes—such eyes, Phil! I have never seen any others of the same tint; and as for expression—sometimes I think that they have no tint, that they are all expression. But"—with an impatient accent—"I must not maunder like this. The end came as it had been foretold. When I grew too earnest to amuse her any longer. grew too earnest to amuse her any longer, she turned to ice and bade me go. I wearied her, she said, coldly; she had nothing to give me; she fancied that I had understood that firtation was only—flirtation; if I had made a mistake it was not her fault. And so all ended!—Well no doubt you think me deals to Well, no doubt you think me weak to suffer such a woman to rob life of all savor for me. But most women who play this game are bunglers more or less, while Agatha Loring is an expert. When she is done with a man, he is fit for nothing

is done with a man, he is fit for nothing but to go to the devil as fast as may be."
"And do you think such a woman worth going to the devil for?" asked Thurston, with indignation. "Why can you not put her out of your heart through scorn? Great Heaven! if I loved her better than my life, and she showed herself in such colors, it would be enough. I should thrust her aside, and go my way as if she did not exist."

as if she did not exist."

"Your theories would fall away like cobwebs if Agatha Loring once laid her spell on you," said Egerton. "I know I am a fool, but she is a sorceress. No ordinary woman could fill a man's life with the consciousness of her and the need of her, and then wreck it as she does. When she sent me away, I was like a wretch hurled in one moment out of heaven into hell! I do not understand yet how I failed to blow out my brains, unless it was that I shrank from being the subject of a three days' talk I did not even think of you, Phil-con-

"My poor boy!" said Thurston. In-voluntarily he rose and put his arm across the young man's shoulders in their old, boyish fashion. More he could not say.

People are amazingly hospitable you know, when they are only called upon to appreciate success. I have pressing invitations for you from all uncles, and sunts, and cousins to the tenth de-

a little enervated by five years in Egypt
—and to attend to some business concerning which there is no haste. Therewoods. An' I chopped like sixty ti'! cerning which there is no haste. Therefore, in order to accomplish the first two objects, I propose that we shall turn our faces toward the old home of our boyhood. Let us go to Beechwood. I should like to ride through the woods and fish in the river again. I used to the woods and fish in the river again. I used to the woods are the woods and fish in the Fast that one whiff of the the river again. I used to the woods are the woods and fish in the Fast that one whiff of the the river again. I used to the woods are the woods. An' I chopped like sixty by:

woods. An' I chopped like sixty by:

when I thought it was as much as I could pile afore sundown, an' I went to pilin'.

Well, when I had it all piled up it measured twenty-seven cords. An' then I knew somethin' was wrong, for I knew at the river again.

and fish in the river again. I used to think, in the East, that one whist of the pine-odors would be better than the fragrance of Araby the Blest."

"I have not been there for years," said Egerton. "My agent attends to the business. The plantation is rented out, you know, but the house is unoccupied, and if you desire we can go there. All places are alike to me. We will go to-morrow, if you like."

if you like.".
So they started the next day, for Thurston perceived more and more clearly that his brother's case was one demanding prompt treatment of some kind. The Beechwood idea had come to him The Reechwood idea had come to him like an inspiration, and as an inspiration he acted upon it. To take Egerton away from all associations which intensified his pain, to break the chain of later habit, and recall the fresh, simple pleasures of earlier years, was what he wished to do, and he felt sanguine that the result would be all that he desired.

This impression lasted for a few days after they had taken up their abode at Beechwood—one of those old Southern houses around which, even when deserted, still seems to linger the charm of the hespitable existence they once enshrined—but it did not last more than a few days. It was soon apparent that Fewer days. It was soon apparent that Eger-ton's malady was beyond the reach of such remedies as this. As Thurston

ton's malady was beyond the reach of such remedies as this. As Thurston watched him, he realized how deeply the poisoned shaft had struck. The spring of all joyousus and hore seemed broken with the young man. He exerted him self to appear cheerful, he made an effort to feign interest in the old pursuits, but his brother's eyes—rendered by affection almos' as keen as those of a woman's—saw through the pretense readily, saw the deadly indifference, the apathy born of pain, the recklessness that at times was almost fierce.

Nevertheless, he still hoped that this acute stage of the disease might pass, and convalescence set in. But days liengthened into weeks; and, after a month had elapsed, he acknowledged to himself that such an expectation was fruitless. Indeed, Egerton had of late seemed to grow worse instead of better. Ho was at times intensely irritable, and again depressed head also become fond of solitude, and transland of into the troods, faking long rides, or fleating in a skiff on the river, would spend hours alone, without any occupation. Thurston uttered no remonstrance, but he observed closely, and having drawn his conclusions, formed them into a resolution.

The time for appressing this came one avening when the July twillers had

them into a resolution.

The time for appressing this came one avening when the July twilight had faded into might, and said Everton, who had gope out on the river, did not return. Thurston, having waited for him vainly, took his solitary supper, and then, in the fiver test of which the river ran. It was nine o'clock before he heard the welcome sound of ours, and then a boat grated against the bank. He walked toward the isuding-place, and, as Egerton spring on saures said, ealerly.

"You are late, Bertle—what detained you no long."

inst any ever would."

"You once wrote me something equivient to that," and Thurston, more to fill the pause which came just here than for gets a slight breeze on the river—which

is more than one gets here."

"You will find anner waiting. I took mine some time ago."

"Supper—bah! Who can eat in such

a temperature as this?"—he put his hand to his throat, and loosened impatiently the collar round which no cravat was tied-"I shall not go through the form

"Light a cigar, then, and Join me in my promenade. I have one or two things To this Egerton made no demur. The cigar was lighted, and, as they walked back and forth over the grassy slope,

Thurston said:
"I see plainly that this life does to suit you. Despite all your efforts, you are restless and wretched; therefore, as I proposed to come, let me propose to go. There is nothing to detain us here. I am ready to start to-morrow, to go anywhere you like."

"You are very kind, Phil." replied "You are very kind, Phil," replied Egerton, after a moment's pause, "and you have borne with my moods better than I deserve; but, when you talk of starting to go anywhere I like, you make a mistake. There is nowhere I like. This place does not suit me, but I do not know any other which would suit me betknow any other which would suit me better. The fault is in myself, not in my surroundings. But I have felt for some time past," he went on, "that I am no fit companies for

time past," he went on, "that I am no fit companion for any one in my present condition. I decided this evening that, instead of troubling you any longer, I will go away by myself somewhere—I don't care where—and see if I cannot summon manhood enough to end this insane folly. In such a struggle a man is separationer best alone." sometimes best alone."
"I have been thinking of that," said

"I have been thinking of that," said Thurston, gravely, "but the question is—can I trust you alone?"

"I think so," answered the other. "I am past the stage of blowing out my brains—if that is what you mean. Give me a month, Phil, and by that time I hope that I shall be able to bear myself

more like a man."
As he looked at his brother, the starlight was bright enough for Thurston to see the reckless misery on the face that usually concealed this pain, in a measure at least, under a mask. At that sight, something rose up in his throat, and almost choked him. It was fully a minute before he could control himself sufficiently to speak as he desired. "You must do exactly as you wish without reference to me," he said. "I told you that some time ago. Where do you think of going—abroad?"

"Yes," Egerton replied. "I am sick of America. When you have finished your business, you can meet me in Paris. Then, after we have spent a month or two rambling about, I will go with you

to Egypt."
And so it was settled. TO BE CONTINUED.

A Massachusetts gentleman, just re-turned from over the Canadian border, tells us these stories. He was in the hotel general accommodation room when two veterans of the hotel bar, laying schemes for a drink, began to tell stories to each other for his benefit:

"These are awful hard times," said one.

the young man's shoulders in their old, by is fashion. More he could not say. His heart was hot as he thought of the woman who had wrought such work through cruelty or caprice, but he kney that to speak of her as sine deserved would for the present avail nothing.

Egerton, on his part, was touched by this sympathy. "You are exactly what you always were, Fhil," he said, gratefully. "Dear old fellow! 't would be a dark day, indeed, when any estrangement came between us—but we need not speak of such a thing; it will never be. And you must not think that I mean to bore you with my folly. I have told my story and I am done. Now let us discuss to your plans. Where do you mean to go? All our relations are eager to see you, and welcome you to their hospitable troofs. (That's the correct phrase, I believe.) People are amazingly hospitable, you know when they are capitally called. out for \$3,000, an' moved up here."
Story number two was the other Munchausen's companion-piece for the yoke

of steers:

"When I was a choppin'—I could chop some you know—an' folks used to ask me how much I could do in a day. 'Have you ever tried it?' says they. 'No, nevyou ever tried it?' says they. 'No, nov-er,' says I, 'never but once, an' that wan't really a try.' You see, jest to ahow 'em what I could do, I got up one winter sharp, oh, jest as sharp, an' went into the woods. An' I chopped like sixty ti'l about three o'clock in the a'ternous, when I thought it was as much as I could the rate I had been choppin' it oughter be more. So I went back an' begun lookin' 'round to see what the trouble was. An' there, right at the fust tree I cut in the mornin' was my ax head. You see the thing was loose an' slipped off, an' I had been choppin' all day with the bare bandle?"

How General Jackson Made Him Pay. The keeper of a certain boarding-house, when Andrew Jackson was President, waited on him, one day, and complained that a Tennesseean, who had been appointed by him to a clerkship in one of the departments, would not pay a board bill.

oard bill. "Get his note," said old Hickory, "for "Get his note," said old Hickory, "for the full amount, interest included, paya-ble in sixty days, and bring it to me." "That will be of no use," replied the boarding-house keeper, "for he never pays his notes."

"Do as I tell you, sir," said Jackson, as he turned away.

"Do as I tell you, sir," said Jackson, as he turned away.

The next day the boarding-house keeper reappeared at the White House, and handed the note to the President. He took it, read it, wrote "Andrew Jackson" across the back, in his well-known autograph, and handed it back, saying:

"Take that to the Bank of Metropolis, and tell them from me that, at its maturity, it will be paid by either the drawer or the indorser. They will discount it for you."

or the indorser. They will discount it for you."

A few days afterward the man who had given the note met his creditor, and tauntingly said:

"Well, I don't suppose you have been able to negotiate my paper?"

"Yes," replied the boarding house keeper. "I had no trouble in getting it discounted at legal rates of interest."

"Who in thunder is will ag to discount my notes?" asked the Tennessecan

"The Bank of the Metropolis discounted the one you gave me, upon the assu-

ed the one you gave me, upon the assu-rance that if you did not pay it the in-dorser would."

"But who would indorse my note?"
"General Jackson. And he sent word to the bank that if you did not pay the note he would." It is hardly necessary to all that the note was promptly paid by the maker.—
Hartford Courant, Town of the state of the st

LEGAL BIBLICAL IGNORANCE.—Duting the trial of the celebrated Leavenworth baby case, in which two women claimed the same child, one of the lawyers, in the course of his remarks, pointed to the painting of Solomon ordering the child to be severed in halves and divided between the two women. His scriptural knowledge bein, small, he alluded to Pilate instead of Solomon. The opposing counsel, supposing he knew all about it, instantly jumped to his feet, and called him a 5001, and said that the order was by Clesar and not Pilate. After a reated discussion they agreed to leave it to the Judge. His Honer decided that both the attorneys were talking upon a subject foreign to their knowledge, and pointing to the painting, said it was intooded to represent Heyod, and not Pilate or Clesar. The lawyers considered the matter settled, and proceeded with the case.—Kaneas Cicrapton. LEGAL BIBLICAL IGNORANCE. - Du-

LETTER FROM NEW YORK. From an Occasional Correspondent

What is to be seen at Gilmore's Garden? Music. Honey is sweet, and in ancient times it was highly esteemed. Virgil called it "donum caeleste." Democritus recommended it to all who would live. On one occasion a man was presented to the Emperor Augustus, wh asked him how it was that he obtained such an old age. He answered, "Tutus meile extra eleo." As honey is strengthening to the body and sweet to the taste, so is music strengthening to the soul and

sweet to the ear. What a beautiful song is "Good Night," which runs:

"Tis time to go," I said, and you—You kissed me twice upon the check; Now tell me, love, do droams come tru Most archly did my darling speak; "Why some come true and some do no Dreams like this do, I quite believe;" And then she kissed me twice, and got Her waist entangled in my sleeve.

And the beautiful ballad:

When we are parted let me lie
In some fond corner of thy heart,
Silent, and from the world apart,
Like a forgotten melody;
Forgotten by the world beside,
Cherished by ene and one alone,
For some loned memory of its own,
So let me in thy heart abide.

Yes, such are the fancies which crowd ne's mind while he listens to the beauti-

ful music at Gilmore's Garden. As a summer resort Gilmore's is now the favorite place. It is now open for the season, and is far more attractive than heretofore. It is completely transformed and re-arranged throughout the entire building, (the old hippodrome.) The walks are more spacious, affording ample room for the immense crowd which attends every evening to enjoy the superb music of Gilmore's Military Band. This garden is truly the only respectable summer retreat in the city, except the Park. Without doubt it is the most magnificent place of public entertainment in the world. The decorations are all new, and of the richest designs, consisting of national flags and coat of arms of each State in the Union, surrounded by stars and stripes. Thousands of different colored lights are arched across the dome. and lovely fountains of cold water dash ing their spray hither and thither, and fine statuary, and an enormous stage in the centre, tastily adorn the Garden.

Everything is gotten up on an extensive and elaborate plan. No time has been spared in gathering together the most expensive plants, trees, flowers and shrubs that could be found in all parts of the world. The statuary and fountains are scattered among the soft palms and rarest exotics. The "Grand Cascade," with its mountain of falling waters, adds

brilliancy to the charming scene, where millions of vari-colored lights and calciums illuminate the enchanting spectacle of unexampled beauty, and bring out all the glories of a grand panorama. Gilmore's great Military Band, which

has been proclaimed the finest in this country, has been making extraordinary efforts, through a tedious series of rehearsals, in preparing their "repetairs" for this season which, from the difficulty and variety of the music to be produced. cannot fail to win the appreciation and approval of all lovers of music. It is Mr. Gilmore's intention to attend the approaching Paris Exposition with the entire band, where they hope to be able to carry away the first prize as the representative band of America. The following will give your readers some faint conception of the extent of this military organization: The favorite soloists are Mr. Arbuckle, Cornet; E. A. Lefebre, Saraphone: F. Letsch, Trambone and Qureph Eller, Oboe; Signor de Carlo, Piccolo; Kare Kegel, Clarionet; B. C. Bent, Cornet, and Signor Ciccone, Clarionet. All of the above are the best solo performers in the profession. Besides the soloes we have the quartet of flutes, quartet of oboes, quartet of Saraphones, quartet of cornets, quartet of French horns, quartet of trambones, quartet of bassoons, quartet of tubas. No other organization, it is said, is able to perform such a variety of music.

The Venetian Prima Dona, Signorima Elisa Galembreti, appears in charming songs, also other distinguished artists. The Weber Piano is used by Gilmore.

EIGHT TO SEVEN. P. S.—I must not neglect to state that the new piece composed by Signer Brignoli (who married Miss McCullough, of S. C.) has been well received. I judge it is more admired on account of its name than for any superior musical talent displayed in its composition. Now that the Russians will cross the Danube, of course such a piece of music, whether melodious or not, would be attractive to the majority of visitors to Gilmore's Garden The composition of music is an entirely new role for Mr. Brignoli; howover, we are glad of the success that this piece has met with. He is a good tenor singer, which nobody can deny, but not a good composer, we fear. E. to S.

— A young girl from the country, being on a visit to a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to the meeting. It happened to be a silent one, none of the brethren being moved to utter a syllable. When the Quaker left the meeting house, with his young friend, he asked: "How didst thou like the meeting?" To which she pettishly replied: "Like it! Why, I can see no sense in it—to go and sit for I can see no sense in it—to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word. It is enough to kill Satan himhimself!" "Yes, my dear," rejoined the Quarer; "that is just what we want."

— A lady of a certain age, very well preserved, 'co, is having her hair combed by her maid, a chit of 17, who, after the manner of ladles' maids, is praising her mistress's beauty extravagantly. "Well, Alinette," says her mistress, with a satisfied glance at the mirror, "what would you give to be as handsome as I am?" "Oh!" replies the handmaiden, with a simper, "what would you give to be as young as I am?" The betting is 1,000 to 1, and no takers, that that lady's maid will not grow gray in the service of that

pressible, as a bachelor visitor finished a culogium on cremation by an expressed wish that rather than be "coffined, cribbed, confined," he might become the subject of a Hindoo cuttee—"you coaldn't, you haven't got any wife?" "That's no matter," growled the Colonel as he beat a hosty retreat (the Colonel is also not connublal, "that's no matter; plenty of racen would be glad to by dem cheirs for the occasion." The Colonel has no card for our suburban hettle-drum next week.

— Boston Daily Advertiser.

THE FUTURE OF AGRICULTURE.—
The American farm life on a small to a medium scale is now no doubt giving more permanent comfort, ease and comtentment to its industrious votaries than all the showy occupations of the country, including those of all the villages, towns and cities. The sgricultural interests of the United States for profit and comfort has a bright future unexcelled by any portion of the globe.—Southern Furmer.

-Boston Daily Advertiser.
-Rot many women are blacksmiths, we learn from the Worcoster Press, "but most of them can shoo a hen,"

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

We call especial attention of our farmer readers to the second paragraph under our caption in another column—Chips. We have simplified this selection from Prof. Ville's little book by reducing his "Hectares" to acres, and his "Kilogrammes" to pounds. It will be the immediate conclusion of most of our readers that this is very heavy manuring, and the second paragraph under "O, George! I think if I found you did not love me I should die."

"My darling," he answered, passing his hand gently around her dimpted chin, "I will always love you. Do you think I would marry you if I did not feel sure of it. In a few days at the altar I shall yow to love you all my life, and I will keep my yow." We call especial attention of our farmer that this is very heavy manuring, and keep my vow."

costs to much for lands that are not

A lovely kind of beatific happiness orth in market half the price of the nanure to be annually applied. This may be so, perhaps is so, but then each farmer can reduce the quantity recom-mended of each ingredient to suit the

the same for oats and rye that he does for Barley. Our experience is that land can be stimulated by commercial fertilizers or by manures to such an extent as to make the wheat crop overdo itself, and therefore fail to remunerate by producing a greater proportion of straw than grain, and no such result has ever occurred with us in manuring barley. The heavier manuring the better the barley crop. We once saw 56 bushels of wheat taken from a single acre in Fairfield County. We never have grown over 35 bushels on a single acre. We have frequently grown 50 bushels of barley on an acre, and have averaged over 25 per acre on ten acres. And similar treatment of similar land would not yield us an average of over 16 bushels of wheels.

would not yield us an average of over 16 bushels of wheat.

Our experience, too, with oats and rye would not suggest that they and barley should be treated exactly alike or be classified together as Professor Ville suggests. We have known seventy bushels of oats grown upon a single acre in Abbeville County, and we have even found that on manured upland oats will prothat on manured upland oats will proportion to the manure applied. Land so nanured that it would produce fifteen bushels of wheat, would, under the same circumstances, produce about twenty bushels of barley or over forty bushels of

oats.

As to rye, we scarcely know what to say. Every farmer knows that "rye will grow as high as the fence that encloses it," be the land rich or poor; but whether the application of caustic fertilizers would increase the yield in equal proportion to the increase in other grains, we are unable to say. We once sowed one-third of an acre, that had been heavily cow penned, in rye, and harvested nine bushels of excellent grain. The same land under the same circumstances would and under the same circumstances would have produced probably eighteen bushels of barley, twenty bushels of oats and as much wheat as rye. We give these instances of our experience, and venture our judgment upon the comparative re-sults of the same land in different grain rops, so as to advise our readers, that however perfect agriculty 1 chemistry may be in fermentating a perfect manure for any crop, there is much behind these simple prescriptions that must be reck-oned in the calculation before the results can be anticipated with unerring certainty. The preparation and productive capacity of the soil, the climate and sea-sons, the time of attack upon the crop by

dry or wet, hot or cold weather, and per-haps other hidden influences wrapt up in the arcana of Nature, are all influences or contingencies that must be considered; so that whether the farmer be Paul or Appolos, he must patiently await results that will be beyond his power to control. Any farmer, however, who understands the capacity of his farm, and its adapted-

the capacity of his farm, and its adaptedness to grow any kind of grain, can with these formulas in his hand prepare a manure that will, under ordinary circumstances, warrant his anticipating an abundant harvest of grain.

We need not tell them that if the farmers combine together and purchase in bulk, the acid phosphate of lime can be bought in Charleston at about one and a quarter cents per pound. The two ina quarter cents per pound. The two in-gredients, nitrate of potassa and sulphate of ammonia, are abundantly supplied for all red lands by a liberal application of cetton seed. The sulphate of lime is plaster of Paris, and is worth about half as much as the acid phosphate of lime. Gray lands will need an additional quana great degree be supplied by a liberal use of ashes.

If we were called upon to suggest a

manure for small grains anywhere in the cotton belt, we would answer thus, basing our reply upon our experience compared with the thoughts advanced by Prof. Ville: Wheat—On all red lands that Ville: Wheat—On all red lands that needed manuring, acid phosphate, 800 lbs.; cotton seed, 40 bushels, or 1,200 or 1,200 lbs., and a sprinkling of 1,00 or 150 lbs. of plaster of Paris applied broadcast in latter part of February, just after the grain had been harrowed with a two-horse barrow. Oats—200 lbs. acid phosphate, 20 bushels of cotton seed, and perhaps no plaster. On gray or sandy lands we would mix in 100 lbs. of potash per acre for the wheat. We don't think any application of commercial fertilizers or acre for the wheat. We don't think any application of commercial fertilizers or cotton seed on worn lands would be remunerative to barley and rye, because the rye would not produce enough bushels of grain to warrant the application, and because the barley does not seem to yield so we's upon any lands fertilized with these commercial manures, as it does when a rich by cow-penning or sheep-hurdling. On fresh lands we would not apply either of these manures so heavily, simply because the increased yield would not warrant the expenditure. There is a certain capacity in all lands, beyond which a superabundance of manure cannot carry the product the first or any single year, but when the farmer knows

not carry the product the first or any single year, but when the farmer knows this capacity from experience he should manure up to it, and gradually increase it by anually enlarging the abount of manure applied.

This, we take it, is scientific farming, and that is the kind and only kind we now need in this country. We want reason, the sight, brains, applied to the daily experiences of the farm, and until we get this there can be but little hepe of material progress in our system of farming. And there is no branch of agriculture to which more thought can and about the carrier of the carrier thought can and about the carrier of the carrier thought can and about the carrier of the carrier thought can and about the carrier thought can and the carrier thought can and the carrier thought the carrier than the c riculture to which more thought can and should be applied than the one of which we are now treating—the making and application of plant food in just such quantities as will increase the capacity of the soil at the same time that it increases the annual product.—News and Courier,

HORSE STATISTICS .- The number of HORSE STATISTICS.—The number of horses in the various countries of the European continent and in the United States of America has been estimated as follows: In Russia, 15,160,000; the United States, 9,504,200; Germany, 3,352,281; Great Britain, 2,790,851; France, 2,742,738; Austria-Hungary, 3,569,438 (of which 2,179,811 belong to Hungary); Italy, 657,541: Norway and Sweden. (of which 2,179,811 belong to Hungary); Italy, 657,541; Norway and Sweden, 655,549; Spain, 382,009; Denmark, 216,570; Belgium, 282,163; Holland, 260,055; Switzerland, 100,930; Greece, 98,983; and Portagal, 79,716. Of mules there are found 1,626 in Germany, 303,475 in France, 14,025 in Apartia, Hungary, 15, 100,000; Apartia, 1 will not grow gray in the service of that particular mistress.—Paris Paper. 775 in France, 14,985 in Austria-Hungary, 203,866 in Italy, and the large number of 6,655,472 in Spain.

- "You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes; I have been straightened by circumstances."

O, George! What a Damsei.

She was young and fair, and a tea glistened in her eye as she laid her curly head on his shoulder and exclaimed:

played for a moment like sunshine on her lips, and then she whispered: "O, George! I like to hear you talk like that; you have been so good to me, You have given me a dismond locket, and a gold watch and chain, and rings apacity of his soil.

There is one idea in his formula that that an angel might wear outside her gloves and not be ashamed, and if I gloves and not be ashamed, and if I There is one idea in his formula that does not exactly agree with our experience. Prof Ville suggests a cheaper thought that one day you'd be sorry you'd given me all these nice things and want them back again I should break my

He held her gently against his manly breast, and answered with a quavering voice:

"O, my own darling! there is nothing on earth that could happen that would make me repent giving you a few tokens of my love, or make me want them back

She sprang from his arms like a joyous deer, she shook back her sunny curls, and with a whole poem in her hazel eyes, ex-

claimed:
"O, George! you have taken a load from my heart. I've come to say that I can't marry you after all, because I've seen somebody I like better, and I thought you'd want your presents back

An American Dish. An amusing story is told, of which i Am amusing story is told, or which it is averred that no less a personage than the late George Peabody, the celebrated American banker, was the hero. It appears that Mr. Peabody had invited three

Englishmen to meet two Americans at dinner, and on this occasion, having re-ceived as a gift ten ears of green corn, determined to renew the recollections his youth, astonish his English and plea his American guests by having it servup in the well-known American style, Accordingly, at a proper time, plat of butter and salt were placed before each guest, and the banker, with sem thing of an air of mystery, announce that he was now about to treat his gate to a well-known and delicious Americadish of food, cooked in the America manner. It would be no novelty to be American guests, but the Englishmust watch how it was disposed of them, and follow their example and in a

them, and follow their example and manner in disposing of it. Then, at a signal, entered a stately servant bearing at arge covered dish, which he deposited salemnly before Mr. Peabody. In a moment more, in obedience to the bankers nod, he whisked off the cover, and there, before the astonished guests, was displayed a pile of ten boiled corncobs!

The banker gazed for an instant in mute horror and dismay, and then found voice to demand an explanation, which was finally reached when the cock was summoned—a fellow who had never before seen an ear of Indian corn in his life. He replied that he had is lowed life. He replied that he had allowed his master's direction to "strip offull the outside before boiling," which he had done most faithfully, not only hisks, as was intended, but grains also, so hat the oanker had only what is, in Ammute evidence of the feast to what were his good intention

VEGETINE

Vegetine Is not a vile, nauseous compound, whi purges the bowels, but a safe, pleasa which is sure to purify the blood, as restore the health.

ls now prescribed in cases of Scrofuls diseases of the blood, by many of the steians, owing to its great success is diseases of this nature. Vegetine Does not deceive invalids into fals I purging and creating a fictitious a cassists nature in clearing and purging system, leading the patient of

Vegetine Was looked upon as an experimentime by some of our best physician most incredulous in regard to its milts most ardent friends and support Vegetine

Says a Beston physician, "has no blood purifier. Hearing of its mar cures, after all other remedles had lied the ino-gratory and convinced ited the inheratory and convinced genulus merit. It is prepared from and herbs, each of which is highly they are compounded in such a r produce astonishing results." Vegetine

PROOF WHAT IS NEE ED.

H. R. STEVENS: BOSTON, eb 13, 1871. BOSTON, SD 13, 1871.

Dear SIT—About one year since found myself in a feeble condition from gerral debdity, Fig. 1871.

Fig. 1871.

Fig. 2871.

Boston, St. 1871.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir.—The two bottles of GETINE fur-ished me by your agent, my will has used with treat benefit. reat benefit.

For a long time she has been roubled with dizziness and costiveness; the troubles are now entirely removed by the use VEGETINE. She was also troubled with yapopala and tieneral Debility, and has been gatly benefited.

THOS. GILMORE, 220, Valunt street.

FEEL MYSELF A NW MAN. NATICK, Mass June 1, 1872.

NATICE, MESSAGE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF TH

Report from a Practica Chemist and Apothecary Apothecary

Boards, Jan. 1, 1874.

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have sold at remail 1972 sown (1978 before any Verille Tine since April 12, 1876, and gave truly say that it has given the best satisf, clin of any remedy for the complaints for which is recommended that I ever sold. Scarcely a by passes without some of my customer testifying to its merits on themselves or their friends. I am perfectly cognizant of several cases of forfollous Tumors being cured by VEGETINE Some in this vicinity.

Very respectfully your.

AI GILMAI, 468 Broadway.

To H. E. STEVENS, Equ.

Prepared by H. R. STEVER, Boston, Mass. VEGETINE IS SOLD BY AL DRUGGISTS. Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line R. R. ATLANTA, A., June 10, 7877, GOING EAST

t Gainesville..... New Holland.... Lula.... Belion (Supper)... Mt. Airy.... Greenville... Sparianburg... Charlotte, Charlotte (Railroad Fu GODIO WIST.

Flour, Flour. KADQUARTERS for Choice Flour

- It is related of Thomas H. Benton that a gentleman, whose guest he was, went up to his room the morning after he had made a speech, taking a newspaper containing a very laudatory notice of his remaks. "Have you read it, sir? Does it do justice to the subject?" asked the host. "I know all about it, sir," re-plied Benton, with great dignity, "I wrote it all myself."

-- "Ah," he said, "another circus in town; I see the white tent in the dia tauce." He was short sighted, however, and it proved to be nothing but a fash ionable young man wearing one of the present style of collars.

- "Some confounded idiot has put that pen where I can't find it!" growled a man the other day, as he searched about the desk. "Ah, um, yes! I thought so!' he exclaimed in a lower key, as he took the article from behind his ear.

Mothers will grow weary and sigh over the responsibility that Baby places upon them, but they have the high privilege of shaping a character for usefulness The exercise of patience and the preservation of Baby's health by the properuse of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will give them great present comfort and prospective happiness. 25 cents per bottle.

A Noted Divine says They are worth their

weight in gold. READ WHAT HE SAYS: DR. TUTT:- Dear Sir: For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Piles. Last spring your pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular slools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.

REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE SICK HEADGraine was demonstrator of anatomy in the Medical College of Geor-TUTT'S PILLS CURE DYSPEPSIA. on scientiac principles TUTT'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION TUTT'S PILLS CURE PILES.

qualities of a strengthening, furgative, and a purifying louic.

Their first apparent effect is to increase the appetite by causing the food
to properly assi milate.

Thus the system is nourished, and by their tonic
action on the digestive or-TUTT'S PILLS CURE FEVER AND TUTT'S PILLS CURE BILIOUS COLIC TUTT'S PILLS CURE KIDNEY COM-TUTT'S PILLS CURE TORPID LIVER

TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.

Gray Hair can be changed to a glossy black by a single application of Dr. Turr's Hair Dye, I tacts like magic, and is warranted as harmless as water. Price \$1.00. Office 35 Murray St., N. Y.

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Entering at once into the blood, expelling all scrof-alous, syphilitic, and rheumatic affections. Alone, it is a searching alterative, but when combined with barsaparilla, Yellow Dock, and other herbs, it forms Dr. Tutt's Sarsaparilla and Queen's Delight,

The most powerful blood purifier known to medical science for the cure of old ulcers, diseased joints, foul discharges from the ears and nostrils, absecses, skin diseases, dropsy, kidney complaint, evil effects of secret practices, disordered liver and spleen. It uses strengthens the nervous system, imparts a fair com-HEALTHY, SOLID FLESH.

As an antidote to syphilitic poison it is strongly commended. Hundreds of cases of the worst type are been radically cured by it. Being purely vegtable its continued use will do no harm. The best inc to take it is during the summer and fall; and nstead of debility, headache, fever and ague, you will enjoy robust health. Sold by all druggists. Price, \$1.00. Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex casily earn from 50c, to \$5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girs earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address and test the business we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, samples worth several dollars to commence work on, and a copy of Home and Fireside, one of the largest and best Illustrated Publications, all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address, George Silnson & Co. Portland, Maine.

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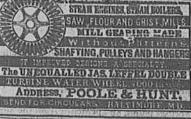
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April 10, 1877

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New Advertisements. PIANOS 71/2 cetave fine ROSEWOOD for control of the ORGANS Great harpains. Nearly new \$222 stops, \$31,5 stops, \$20; 6 4ten\$25,50ps, \$35 to \$75. Rare opportunities. New organs
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TO RATIONAI, INVALIDS.—In sickness every portion of the body sympathizes with the seat of the disorder. When the stomach falls to perform its functions, the liver, bowels, nerves, muscles, veins, arteries, &c., are all more or less affected. These delinquents require medicine, combining the propurties of a stomachie, an alterative, a liver, a tonic, and sedative to bring them back to their duty i and all these elements, in their purest and most effective forms, are united in TAILENT, the great Saline Remedy for Indigestion, ard its comomitant consequences. Sold by all druggists.

\$55 & \$77 a Week to Agents. \$10 Out fit free \$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

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May 3, 1877

Change of Schedule on South Caros.

Change of Schedule on South Caro-

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Greenville and Columbia Railroad

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

Arrive at Walhalls... Leave Perryville.... Leave Pendicton.... Leave Anderson.... THOMAS DODAMEAD, Gen. Sup't. WM. ETTENGER.

Richmond, Va., MANUFACTURERS PORTABLE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Circular Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Mill Genring. Shafting, Pulleys, &c., American Turbine Water Wheel,

A ND those who carry on business are compelled to have money. That is our situation once and SAVE COST. Prompt payment is a great source of friendship, and it is our desire to remain friendly with our customers, if they come forward promptly and pay us what they ows. Money we are obliged to have. We offer an inducement of one emit per pound for Cotton over market value to those indebted to us, and wish to settle their Accounts. We have on hand a large stock of

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